A

LETTER

TO THE

INHABITANTS

OF

Great Britain and *Ireland.*

To ſtir them up to all neceſſary Preparations to meet a Perfidious Enemy, who intend to invade our Land, and attack our Liberties.

By a Lover of his KING *and* COUNTRY.

Dulce, et decorum eſt pro Patria mori.

Remember, Oh my Friends, the Rights, the Laws,
The generous Plan of Power delivered down
From Age to Age by our renowned Forefathers.
Oh let them never periſh in your Hands,
But piouſly tranſmit them to your Children. CATO.

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A LETTER TO THE INHABITANTS OF *Great Britain* and *Ireland.*

IT is an unſpeakable Mercy, that we live in a Land abounding with civil and religious Privileges, under a PRINCE ſo *happily fitted* for Government, and under the Protection of that GOD, who has made us his immediate Care, guarded our Liberties, and about all our *Glory* has hitherto created a *Defence.* BRITAIN has for a Series of Years been *remarkable* for her Peace at Home, whatever neceſſary Wars we may

have been engag'd in Abroad, has been preſerv'd in the moſt threatning Dangers, and kept from falling a Prey to thoſe, who have had an *inſatiable Thirſt* after our moſt invaluable Enjoyments. As often as the Enemy have attempted our Ruin, *ſo often* has GOD appear'd, and by his gracious interpoſing Hand, deliver'd us from the Snare, that has been laid for us. *Salvation has he commanded for Walls and Bulwarks*, averted numberleſs Storms from us, and caus'd them to fall upon neighbouring Nations. What Deſolations has he lately brought upon *Popiſh* and *Mahometan* Powers! We have heard the awful Report, but have not felt the tremendous Judgment. Yet ſecure as we have hitherto been from the divine Stroke, we are *now alarm'd: Alarm'd*, not with the Terrors of an *Earthquake*; (though this Arrow he might have let fly from his Quiver) Not with Thouſands dying at our right Hand, and our left, by a deſtructive *Plague*; not by hungry *Famine* emaciating our Bodies, and waſting our Lives by its painful Tortures. Theſe, tho' peculiarly dreadful, come from the *immediate* Hand of GOD, and therefore require the utmoſt Calmneſs and Submiſſion. But we are alarm'd with the Sound of an INVASION: An INVASION from an *Enemy*, who, if they are permitted to come, will come with the moſt *envenom'd Rage*, with *Deſigns* of *Cruelty*, to *rob us* of our deareſt Enjoyments, bring us under the *Gallick Yoke*, and ſubject us to *Popiſh Tyranny*, than which nothing is more unpleaſing to a BRITON: A BRITON, who is *born* for Liberty, knows its incomparable Sweetneſs, and cannot eaſily be perſuaded to give it up, when in Exchange he muſt be ſubjected

jected to the moſt *abject Slavery*. And, though the Hand of that GOD, who ſuperintends all the Affairs of this lower World, is viſible herein, and we are therefore to ſeek after a proper Submiſſion to his infinitely wiſe Diſpoſals; yet we are to act as *Men* and *Chriſtians*, and not *tamely* part with what he has ſecured to us ſo long by a Train of interpoſing Providences.

Rouze up then ye BRITONS! *Rouze* my dear COUNTRYMEN and FELLOW-SUBJECTS: *Rouze* from your Lethargy; and whilſt you are acknowledging the Hand of GOD, and humbling yourſelves before him, let your Breaſts fire with *warm Reſentment* againſt thoſe, who would Sacrifice your All to their implacable Fury, and act with *the utmoſt Vigour* for thoſe dear Liberties, which you have been ſo long diſtinguiſh'd by the Poſſeſſion of.

Hark, the Alarm of WAR has reach'd you. WAR, not in the Countries of our Friends and Allies; but in *your own Land*, that important *Spot*, which has been ſo long the Care of divine Providence. See your Enemies *Coaſts* ſwarming with Men *arm'd for Battle*, Men full of *black Deſigns*, and only *waiting* an Opportunity to put them into Execution upon your Perſons and Properties. See, PERFIDIOUS FRANCE is not content to interrupt your Brethren *abroad* in the quiet Poſſeſſion of their Lands and Liberties; not content to fill AMERICA with Deſolations; to commit the moſt *inhumane Cruelties*, Work only fit for *ſavage Indians*, but would fain perpetrate the ſame in ENGLAND, lay its famous *Metropolis* in Ruins, and pluck the *beſt of Kings* from the Throne, to which he has the *juſteſt Right*.

Right. See theſe reſolute Foes thirſting after your *Blood*, determin'd to conquer, or die, vowing all the *Vengeance* that diabolical Malice can ſuggeſt, and promiſing themſelves the moſt delightful Triumph over all you eſteem ſacred and valuable.

Rouze from your Security, and act like Men. *Be of good Courage, and behave yourſelves Valiantly.* Where are our brittiſh *Heroes?* Where our *Gentlemen* and *Merchants*, who in the late unnatural Rebellion *offer'd themſelves ſo willingly* to guard their deareſt Liberties? Where thoſe *Youths*, who then fired with *martial Ardour*, *aſſociated*, and learn'd to *wield* the military Weapons in the Defence of their KING and COUNTRY? Have you *loſt* your heroick Spirit? Are you *weary* of Liberty? Have you imbib'd *Sentiments* of *Diſloyalty?* Methinks *it is Time to Rouze.* What Courage would it inſpire our Soldiers with, when they found, that they were not left *alone* to bear the Heat of the Day, but had Numbers *voluntarily venturing* their All in the Defence of their *Royal Sovereign*? How muſt it animate his ſacred Breaſt, to ſee his *Subjects* ſtill *loyal* and *active* to preſerve his Government, and how *endear* you to every Branch of that *illuſtrious Family*, who have put themſelves under your Protection, and make your Intereſt their own? How would it *intimidate* the daring Enemy both Abroad and at Home, and tend to *prevent* the Execution of their fatal Deſigns? Lay aſide then for the preſent the Sweets of Trade, and may your *Hands be taught to War, and your Fingers to Fight.* Enter, ſteadily and zealouſly enter into every neceſſary Meaſure to *curb* the Inſolence, and

humble

humble the Haughtineſs of your *implacable* Enemies, to ſecure your Properties, and to ſhow your *Loyalty* to your *Prince*, and his *Royal Progeny*. Let every *uneaſy* Thought ſubſide, every *Murmur* be huſh'd, every *party Quarrel* drop, and every *Name* of *Diſtinction* be forgotten, and join Hearts and Hands in your own, and your Country's Defence. Let your *Purſes* and your *Perſons* be *ever ready* to aſſiſt, and forward the Execution of every Scheme that may be calculated for the *Safety* of the Nation; and let *private Intereſt* give way to *publick Good*. *Cruſh* every Deſign that is form'd to *diſtreſs* the Government, and let it appear by your *Behaviour*, by your *Generoſity*, and your *Zeal*, how much your *Hearts* are engag'd in the Intereſt of your KING.

I am perſuaded you cannot *diſbelieve* the formidable Deſign of your Enemies againſt you. However you may think them *incapable* of putting it in Execution; you will readily grant, that their *Inclination* prompts them to every Thing that would be deſtructive to you. You ſee the *Preparations* that are making, the *prudent* and *vigorous Meaſures* that are taking to repel the Enemy; all which are clear and inconteſtible Evidences of the *Apprehenſions* of an INVASION. And is not this a Call to ARMS. Your King, your Country, your Liberties, your Properties, all cry, TO ARMS. Lie not therefore in Indolence, *Men*, *Brethren* and *Fathers*; nor ſink into a *fatal Effeminacy*; but *Awake*, and quit yourſelves like ENGLISHMEN, like BRITONS; and let your PRINCE *ſee*, that you ſtill retain the *ſame Principles of Loyalty* you once diſcover'd, and are *as ready*

ready to aſſiſt him as ever with your *Lives and Fortunes.*

I perſuade myſelf, none that *love* their KING and *Country*, their *Religion* and *Liberty*, will *Repine* or *Murmur* at the Entrance of * *foreign Troops*, into our Land, when they come as *friendly* and *faithful Allies* to aſſiſt us. We have Reaſon to *Rejoice*, that whilſt our Enemies are waiting for an Opportunity to diſtreſs and ruin us, we have *ſo many* ready to appear in our Defence, and willing to *expoſe* themſelves to the *greateſt Dangers* for our Sakes. It is not to *plunder* you, *my dear Countrymen*, that theſe Troops are embarking for *England*, but to *aſſiſt* you. They come upon the moſt *friendly Errand*, with the *kindeſt Views*; Views of the *utmoſt Importance* to your Intereſt. They come, not to *haſten* on your Ruin, but to *deliver* you from it. They come to brandiſh their *Swords* in the *Defence* of your *Perſons* and *Liberties*, and to ſtop the Torrent of *Popiſh Bigotry* and *Cruelty*, and *arbitrary Power*, with which we are threatned. *Wiſh for* them, and *welcome* their Arrival. Is it an additional Expence that is hereby brought upon you? *Chearfully ſubmit* to it, as hereby your Subſtance and all your Enjoyments may be *fully ſecured.*

Exert yourſelves, *my Fellow-Subjects*, exert yourſelves in the preſent critical Juncture; not only by ſuppreſſing and diſcountenancing *all Diſloyalty* in others, and endeavouring to impreſs the Minds of all around you, with a Sence of the *ineſtimable Privileges* they enjoy under the *preſent Government*; but by *chearfully contributing* to every Scheme that tends to your Security, and

* The *Dutch* and *Heſſians.*

and forming yourſelves into Companies * learning the Art of *War*, and with a firm Reſolution, under GOD to ſtand by your KING and COUNTRY, your FAMILIES, and your PROPERTIES. You will not eſteem it a *Reflection* upon you, as if I imagine you *diſloyal*, or *abſolutely inſenſible* of your Privileges, ſhould I expoſtulate with you upon this important Head. I hope you are not all aſleep, but that you are conſidering what Steps are neceſſary to be taken for our common Preſervation. If what I may ſuggeſt may be a means of ſtirring you up to preſent Action, and of kindling the Fire of Zeal in the Breaſts of any that dwell in Eaſe and Security, I ſhall eſteem it a peculiar Happineſs, and not think my Labour in vain.

Can you give up a PRINCE, *the beſt in the known World, to the Pleaſure of a French Tyrant*, or ſee him *ſtoop* to the *ambitious* and *haughty* MONSIEUR? Who would not chearfully enter the

* It is with great Pleaſure I have heard that there are ſome *Gentlemen*, who, ſenſible of the *Value* of their civil and religious Privileges, of the Happineſs of living under a PROTESTANT PRINCE, have form'd themſelves into a *Company*, with a Deſign to learn the military Exerciſe, and ſo to be fitted for ſtanding up for their KING and *Country*, in caſe of Emergency. Noble Scheme! amiable Views! Go on, ye *Friends* of *Liberty* and *Religion*. May indulgent Providence *Smile* upon your Undertaking! May you be *endeared* by this Inſtance of your Nobleneſs of Soul, to your worthy PRINCE, and to your *Fellow Subjects*, and eſpecially to the *Inhabitants* of this *Metropolis!* May others be animated and fir'd by *your Example*; may you encreaſe into a TROOP indeed, and with united Hearts and Hands ſtand faſt together in the Support of the *beſt of Cauſes!* and may GOD, if he ſhould call you to Action, *cover your Heads* at the important Moment, and long ſpare you to be *Bleſſings* to your native Land!

Field, and boldly *venture* upon *Danger*, to preſerve a Life ſo important, as is that of GREAT GEORGE? Whoſe *Liberties* has he attack'd? Whoſe *Properties* has he taken away? Have not *Juſtice* and *Mercy* preſerv'd an equal Balance in all his Government? Has he not the *Trade*, the *Peace*, the *Religion* of his People at Heart? Is not *his Comfort*, *his Life*, bound up with yours? Has GOD ſpar'd him ſo many Years to be a FATHER to his *Britiſh* Subjects, and the *Guardian* of their Religion; and are you not *mov'd* at the Attempts which are made to diſturb the Peace of his Government? Will any of you add *Affliction* to his Years, and make the Remains of his Life unpleaſant by an *indolent Slothfulneſs*, when Providence calls you to Activity? Far be it from me to entertain ſuch a Thought of a BRITON!

Can you give up a FAMILY, *to* * *whom under* GOD *you owe the Enjoyment of your preſent Liberties?* A FAMILY evidently the *Indulgence* of Heaven; a FAMILY conſiſting of ſo many ILLUSTIOUS BRANCHES, all train'd up in *Proteſtant Principles* to make a People happy? Can you ſee the ROYAL WIDOW of the late amiable PRINCE OF WALES, her *Prudence* and *Piety*; her great Concern that all her dear *Offspring* may be Bleſſings to *Proteſtants*, and *glorious Sup-*

* An Inſtance of this we have had in our own Times, *viz.* the Victory obtain'd over the *Rebels* at CULLODEN, in the memorable Year 1745, and the Deliverance we therefore had from the baſe Deſigns of a *cruel Uſurper*, under the prudent Conduct of his Royal Highneſs WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND; who has endear'd himſelf to his Country by his Bravery and martial Courage, and whom may GOD long continue an *Honour* and a *Bleſſing* to Britain.

porters

porters in their Day of that important Cauſe? Can you view her putting herſelf under *your Care*, depending upon *your Zeal* and *Faithfulneſs* to ſecure her from the Inſults of Enemies, and to adminiſter to her Comfort and Happineſs? Can you conſider all this without *Emotion?*

Can you ſee her ROYAL OFFSPRING, thoſe *Bleſſings* which *Heaven* has given us, fixing *their Eyes* upon *you*, and depending upon *you* for Protection? Can you ſee the *promiſing Hopes* they give you of *rewarding* your Care and Faithfulneſs, by ſtanding up for *that Cauſe*, which lies ſo near your Hearts? Can you ſee an *inſolent Enemy* wiſhing their *Deſtruction*, nay, *forming Deſigns* for it, and not chearfully *draw your Swords* in their Defence?

Can you give up the *young promiſing Branch* GEORGE, *the* HEIR APPARENT to the *Crown* of BRITAIN, for a CHARLES, a *Dupe* to *France*, a *bigoted Papiſt*, a *Tool therefore to Rome?* Methinks I ſee all the Powers of your Souls *move* at the Thought, and *Martial Courage* filling your animated Breaſts.

Can you give up the Proteſtant for a Popiſh ſuperſtitious Worſhip? a Worſhip ſo *unchriſtian*, ſo *irrational* and *abſurd?* Can you ſee your *Churches* fill'd with *Images*, and with all the *Trumpery* of *Rome*; and can you *join* the deluded Throng in *falling down* before them, and in *calling* upon *Saints* and *Angels* to plead for and protect you, as if there was not an *able*, *willing* and *faithful* MEDIATOR in Heaven to do all this for you? Can you ſee the WHORE of BABYLON introducing all her *Fooleries* and *Superſtitions*, and *impoſing* them upon your Conſciences?

Can you thus *tamely* give up your religious Liberties, and ſubmit to the *Romiſh Yoke*, without drawing your Swords in your Defence? Is your Religion of *no Importance*; or is it only the *Invention of Men*, a *political Scheme* to preſerve Decency and Order?

Can you ſee your Miniſters, thoſe who have *inſtructed* you in the moſt important Matters, who have *ſought* your everlaſting Peace, and *labour'd* to promote the Good of your Souls; *Can you ſee them driven into Corners*, *flying* from the Rage of *bloody Perſecutors*, *ſtarving* with *Hunger*, *Cold* or *Nakedneſs*, and *expos'd* to every Hardſhip, for *their Zeal* for that *Goſpel*, which they have ſo often preach'd amongſt you? Can you be content to hear their Voices *no more*, but to ſee them *tore* from their *Wives* and *Children*, and all their tender and affectionate Relations, *cruelly impriſon'd*, *arraign'd*, *condemn'd*, and *lead* to the *Stake*, there to *expire* in the midſt of *ſcorching Flames?* Can you think of SMITHFIELD'S FIRE being *again kindled*, to deſtroy your *Countrymen*, *your Fellow Proteſtants*, your *aged Fathers*, and your *neareſt Relatives?*

Can you part with your BIBLES; throw away that *ſacred Volume*; *that* which GOD has *ſo long* indulged you with; *that* which has *ſo often ſupported* you under Difficulties, *rais'd* your fainting Souls, *form'd* you into the *divine Likeneſs*, *open'd* to you all the *Treaſures of Eternity*, and *encourag'd* you with ſuch glorious Proſpects? Can you *chearfully give up that*, which *many* have counted *dearer* than their *Lives*, and which has *animated* their Souls under *Racks* and *Tortures*, and made even *Flames themſelves* a *ſoft Pillow*,

or

or a *Bed of Down?* Can you thus give up *all* your *religious Privileges* at once? Have you no Deſire to *tranſmit* them to *Poſterity* that your *Childrens Children* may enjoy them, and ſay, "*theſe* are what our *Fathers bravely maintain'd*, "even unto Blood. That *we* might be kept "from *Popiſh Superſtition*, and have ſecur'd to "us *all* the *Advantages* of the *Goſpel*, *they* "*chearfully fac'd* the greateſt Dangers, *hazard-*"*ed* their *Lives*, their *Fortunes*, their *All:* How "*highly* ſhould we *eſteem* them then, and how "*carefully improve* them?" Are not *theſe Thoughts* enough to *enliven* and *rouze* you, and put you upon *preparing* to meet *that Enemy*, that would *rob you* and *your Poſterity* of theſe invaluable Bleſſings? To ARMS then, TO ARMS; or ſhall your *Privileges ceaſe* with your *Lives?*

Can you willingly ſubmit to be impos'd upon by popiſh Prieſts, thoſe *Locuſts* of the Earth, whoſe *chief Concern* it is, like the *Phariſees* of old, to *devour Widows Houſes, and for a Pretence make long Prayers*; who will *rob you* of your *Subſtance*, to ſatisfy their *inſatiable Thirſt* after Riches, and all *clok'd* under the ſhow of *Religion?* Can you think of *ſubmitting* to their *Tyranny*, of having your *Houſes* examin'd, and *all your Affairs* under the Inſpection of thoſe, who will only *watch* for *your Ruin?*

Can you think of *Priſons* and *Murders*, *Racks* and *Tortures* for *yourſelves* and your *Children?* Can you think of having your Land *over-ſpread* with a *People* of a *foreign Country*, a *People perfidious* and *cruel*, whoſe *Principles* are to break through the moſt *ſolemn Engagements*, and do all they can to *extirpate Hereſy?* Can you think

think of giving up every Thing that is *dear* to you, and ſubmitting to the *Caprice* and *Cruelty* of the Votaries of Rome? *All this* you muſt do, all this you muſt *feel*, unleſs you run into all the ſuperſtitions of *Popery*, than which, I am perſwaded, nothing can be more *diſagreeable* to a PROTESTANT. For the Truth of what I ſay, only go to *thoſe Countries*, where Popery triumphs; and ſee the *Inſults* of the *Prieſts*, the *Ignorance* and *tame Submiſſion* of the *Populace*, nay of the *Gentlemen* themſelves. Go to the preſent *depopulated* LISBON, and ſee their Superſtitions; notwithſtanding the Judgments of GOD upon them, which are enough, one would imagine, to command the greateſt *Awe* and *Reverence* in the moſt audacious ſinners; yet ſee the *Prieſts*, THAT SACRED TRIBE, uſing all poſſible *Artifices*, nay telling the *greateſt Falſhoods*, and even *fathering* them upon GOD himſelf, that they may thereby *plunder* the remaining *Inhabitants*, already reduc'd to a *ſtarving Condition* by the Hand of Providence. Is this POPERY? Is this to live under the BISHOP of ROME? GOD deliver us from ſuch a *Religion* and from ſuch *Prieſts!*

If this is the Caſe with *Papiſts* themſelves, how muſt it be with *Proteſtants*, living under a *Popiſh Prince*, expos'd to the Rage of *Popiſh Prieſts*? To know this, go to FRANCE, and view the Sufferings of your PROTESTANT BRETHREN. See *Men* and *Women* hall'd to Priſon, without Diſtinction. See *Fathers* tore from their *Children*, *Huſbands* from their *Wives*, *Miniſters* from their *People*. See *Soldiers* quarter'd upon them, *watching* their Motions, *interrupting* their Aſſemblies, *plundering* their Houſes. See *heavy*

Fines

Fines laid upon them, *Confiſcation of Goods*, and *Lives* taken away without the leaſt Diſcovery of Compaſſion. 'Tis impoſſible for me to repreſent all the dreadful Cruelties that are inflicted upon them. No Wonder they are willing to *fly* from ſuch a Country, and to take Refuge *where* they may enjoy the *Sweets* of *Liberty*. *Pity* them, *my dear Countrymen*, and help them by your *Prayers* and your *Purſes*, and judge from their melancholy Circumſtances, what *yours* would be if *France* ſhould gain the *Conqueſt*. *France gain the Conqueſt*, did I ſay? My *Heart trembles* at the Thought! Methinks, I ſee *every Briton* rouzing from his *Effeminacy*, *arming* for the *Battle*, and like a *true Engliſhman*, determining to ſecure his *dear Sovereign and Liberties*, or *die* in the *Field*. And what would *Life*, be, my *Fellow-Subjects*, what would *Life* be if our KING, our RELIGION, our LIBERTY, our ALL, were gone! Unhappy they, who ſhould *ſurvive* ſuch a *Loſs* as this, the greateſt *Loſs* that ENGLAND can poſſibly ſuſtain! But fear not, if you *rent your Hearts and not your Garments*, *and return unto the* LORD, and in a *Dependence* upon his *Providence* prepare to meet the Enemy, fear not their *Power*, their *Malice*, their *Rage*. *Your Cauſe is good*: and what can be more encouraging? Had you ſuch a Cauſe to ſupport, as thoſe *bold Deſperadoes* in the late *unnatural Rebellion*, you might *ſink* in *Deſpair*, and draw the Sword in vain like them. But the Cauſe *you* have to maintain, is worthy the utmoſt Regard of a *Man*, and a *Chriſtian*. If to defend a PROTESTANT PRINCE, to ſecure our *civil* and *religious Liberties*; if to ſtand up for our *Wives*, our *Children* and *Subſtance*, be lawful, then

then *your Cauſe is good.* Under a thorough Satisfaction of this, and *looking up* for a divine Bleſſing, you may *enter* the *Field* with an *undiſturb'd Serenity.* This will *animate* you with *Courage*, and give *Strength* to your *Arms*, to wield the military Weapon, far *beyond* what *thoſe* will be capable of doing, who come to ſupport the Cauſe of *Cruelty* and *Injuſtice*, and therefore are deſtin'd to the FORLORN HOPE. Why then do not our *Streets*, our *Fields* ſound with *Drums* and *Preparations* for War? Let it not be ſaid, that the *Nobleſſe of France* are determin'd, *bad as their Cauſe is*, to ſtand by their *Prince*, and come in *Perſon* to avenge the Indignities, they *vainly apprehend* are offer'd to their *Grand Monarque*, whilſt we are *ſunk* in *Pleaſure*, or lying upon a *Bed of Sloth*, and *unprepar'd?* Let ENGLAND then; ENGLAND that *favourite* Spot of Heaven; ENGLAND that has been the Care of a GUARDIAN GOD; ENGLAND that has ſo often been deliver'd from the *Jaw* of the Lion, that has enjoy'd her Privileges ſo long *unmoleſted* in Spite of *Hell* and *Rome:* Let ENGLAND awake, ſee the deſperate Deſigns that are form'd againſt her *happy Conſtitution*; Deſigns of the moſt *abject* and *miſerable Slavery*; and let *every Inhabitant* who values a *Proteſtant Government*, and a *Proteſtant Religion*, *willingly offer himſelf* upon this important Occaſion, and do all he can to cruſh the Deſigns of *France*, and preſerve the *Happineſs* of this diſtinguiſh'd Iſland.

Ye Repreſentatives of the Nation; (if I may be permitted to ſpeak to you.) Your reſpective *Boroughs* and *Counties* have plac'd the utmoſt Confidence in you, upon a Preſumption, and I hope

hope a *juſt one too*, that you are *hearty Friends* to his *Majeſty's Perſon* and *Government*, and are ready in Caſe of Emergency to venture your *Lives*, and devote your *Fortunes* to the ſupport of your KING and COUNTRY. Let them ſee how *ready* you are to anſwer their Expectations, and to *encourage* thoſe Meaſures that are neceſſary for the *Safety* of the Nation. May you act with *Unanimity*, and *Reſolution* when *Aſſembled* together, ſtudy the *Peace* and *Comfort* of your *Sovereign* and *Family*, and the true *Welfare* of your Country. And may you each be an Inſtrument of ſtirring up a Spirit of the warmeſt *Zeal* in your reſpective Diſtricts, *encouraging* the brave and loyal Souls, but *diſcountenancing* every Appearance of *Diſaffection* and *Indolence*, and eſpecially diſcouraging every Scheme that may be laid to *poiſon* the Minds of his Majeſty's Subjects, or draw them to the *ſupporting* an Intereſt *juſtly deſpis'd* by every underſtanding Proteſtant, as well as moſt deſperate.

Ye Gentlemen of Eſtates, you are intereſted, peculiarly intereſted in the preſent Situation of Affairs. Should a Change in the Government enſue, how *much longer* will they be *yours?* Your Lands and Poſſeſſions are *mark'd out*, and already *diſpos'd of* by the Emiſſaries of Rome. And can you *willingly part with them*, when you have enjoy'd their Sweets ſo long? Will it not give you the utmoſt *Pain and Anxiety* to ſee Strangers enjoying your Inheritance, and calling your Eſtates by their *own Names*, whilſt you are oblig'd to take Shelter in a *Cottage*, or are drove to the *Woods* and *Deſerts* for a Refuge?

Ye Merchants and Men of Property, who have got under Providence, by your Induſtry and Care, your various Comforts; can you *chearfully* give them up, ſee your Houſes *rifled*, your Goods and your Chattels *ſeiz'd*, and made uſe of to *ſupport* the Lives of *perfidious Frenchmen?* Are you willing to be *reduc'd* to Dependence, Poverty and Nakedneſs, laid under the *ſevereſt Fines*, or ſent to a *noiſome Priſon*, to end your Days in *Miſery* and *Wretchedneſs?* None of theſe Things can be *pleaſant*. Why then do you not *Arm*, and appear with *Vigour* upon the preſent Occaſion?

Ye Miniſters, ye *Teachers* of others; you have the *greateſt Reaſon* to exert yourſelves in endeavouring to ſpread *Religion* and *Loyalty* amongſt your People. *You* above all muſt expect to feel the *Roman Scourge*, if Popery was to be eſtabliſh'd. *You* are under the greateſt Obligations of eſteeming a PROTESTANT GOVERNMENT, and ſhould be every Day inculcating not only the ſtrongeſt Affection to his *Majeſty's Perſon* and *Family*, and to ſtir up thoſe under your Care to appear in *publick*, in Caſe of Neceſſity, but to *pray earneſtly* for a divine Bleſſing, and even to *learn* the *Uſe of Arms* yourſelves, to ſet your People an *Example*, and *animate* them with Courage.

Ye who wear the Sword in Defence of your King and Country. You are call'd to manifeſt your Martial Ardour, and ſhow your *hearty Affection* to your *Prince*, and your *Skill* and *Reſolution* in War.—Ye *Generals* and *Officers*, we wiſh you GOD's *Speed*, and depend upon your *Faithfulneſs* and *Activity*.—Ye *Soldiers*, who are more particularly

cularly to fight for your KING and COUNTRY. Be *faithful*, be *couragious*. Remember the *Enemy* with whom you may engage, are coming upon an *unjuſtifiable Errand*. Go in the Name of your GOD, and ſhew yourſelves *Men*. Stand *firm* and *undaunted*, and fear not, the *Victory* will be *Yours*.

Ye brave Commanders upon the Ocean. Our Eyes are upon *you* in a particular Manner at this critical Juncture. Be *faithful* to the *Truſt* repos'd in you, and *endear* yourſelves to your PRINCE and your *Fellow-Subjects* by your *Care* and *Watchfulneſs*, and may the Enemy by your Means *ſink like Lead in the mighty Waters*. And do *you* who act under theſe worthy Commanders, diſcover your uſual *Bravery* and *Courage*, and let it never be ſaid of the ENGLISH SAILORS, that they have loſt their *undaunted Boldneſs*, and are afraid to face ſuch an Enemy as *France*.

Ye Gentlemen who chuſe to go to France for Servants; is it not *Time* to conſider your *Imprudence?* Why ſhould *they* be eſteem'd before thoſe of your own *Country?* Are they more Worthy of your *Confidence?* Will you not be in *Danger*, ſhould the *Enemy* come amongſt us, even from thoſe of *your own Houſhold?* May you not *too late repent* your great Indiſcretion? If I may be permitted to ſpeak, the Safety of your *Perſons* and *Families*, the Security of your *Properties*, nay every Thing loudly calls upon you to be upon your *Guard*, to ſay the leaſt. Your *Country* prays you, your *Fellow-Subjects* entreat you, to take thoſe Meaſures that may be moſt for your own *Honour* and *Safety*, as well as for that of others.

Ye affectionate Husbands; can you give up the *Wives* of your *Bosom*, those *dear Partners* with you in the *Cares* and *Comforts* of Life? Can you think of their being *violently torn* from you, and expos'd to all the *Rudeness* and *Cruelty* of the most brutal Men, who think they have a *Licence* to commit all manner of *Ravages* with *Impunity?* Does not the Thought raise in you a *Martial Spirit*, and make you willing chearfully to *venture* your *Lives* for their Sakes?

Ye tender and indulgent Parents, who love your *Children* as *Yourselves*; are you willing your *tender Offspring* should be instructed in all the *Superstitions* of *Rome*, that their Minds should be early *poison'd* with *popish Principles*; or can you think of seeing them *slaughtered* before your Eyes, and laid *breathless* upon the Ground? Does not the Thought *rouze all the Powers in your Souls*, and inspire you with all the *Courage* a *Father's Pity* can give? Sure, *my dear Countrymen*, you have all the *Ties* of *Nature* and *Religion* to engage you to appear *Active* upon the present emergent Occasion. You must then be lost to all Sense of *Gratitude* and *Affection*, lost to God, to *yourselves*, to your KING, your *Country*, your *Families*,, if you are *indolent*, or refuse to *oppose* the common Enemy.

Ye who border upon the Sea, and live in those Places where it is most probable the *Enemy may first appear*. You have seen the *paternal Regard* his *Majesty* has for you and your Country. You have seen the *Orders* our *Sovereign* has issued out, and I doubt not but you see their *Importance*, and will *diligently attend* to them. Remember it is for *your own Security*, as well as for that of those,

thoſe, who live at a greater Diſtance. Would you *feed* the *Enemy*, ſhould they come to you? Would you *forget all Obligations* to a *Proteſtant Prince*, and lend Aſſiſtance to *one* who would *pluck out your very Eyes*, if he was permitted to make the Conqueſt of *Britain*? I doubt not but you are *too ſenſible* of your Privileges to give them up quietly to *France*. Be upon the *Watch* then, and *merit* your *Prince* and your *Country*'s Eſteem by your *reſolutely oppoſing* the Enemy, and by *aſſiſting* as far as you can his *Majeſty's Soldiers* and *Subjects*, that they may meet with as few *Embarraſſments* as poſſible in the proper Diſcharge of their Duty. And though you may *ſuſtain ſome Loſs*, yet remember, a *Proteſtant's Breaſt* is capable of much more *Pity* and *Generoſity* to you in Diſtreſs, than a *French-man*, or a *Bigot* to *Rome*.

Ye Friends of Liberty ariſe. The Time may be coming, when you muſt *part with this*, or preſerve it by *Arms*. And is not the *latter* unſpeakably preferable to the *former*. You have worſhip'd God juſt as *you pleas'd*; *have ſat under your own Vines, and your own Figtrees, none making you afraid.* Are you willing to be under the Controul of *mercenary Prieſts*, and give up all that your *Fathers* ſtood up in the Defence of? I know you had rather give up *Life*, than that *deareſt* of all Enjoyments, LIBERTY. *Arm yourſelves* then, and appear like *Men* that *know* the Excellency of this Bleſſing.

I might ſpeak a Word to thoſe, *who are of the Catholick Religion amongſt us.* And you, I doubt not, at leaſt many of you know too much of the *Difference* between a *proteſtant* and *popiſh*

Govern-

Government, not to be *weary* of the former. Was there to be an Exchange, even your *Circumſtances* would be *worſe* than they *at preſent* are. You live *unmoleſted*, you *enjoy* privately and almoſt publickly too your Religion? You have your *Prieſts* now under your *own Command*, but was an Alteration to be made, the *Scales* would ſoon be turn'd, and *you* be oblig'd to *ſtoop* to thoſe, who *now pay you* a ready Obedience. If you have any Regard then for your *Perſons*, your *Families*, your *Eſtates*, your *Liberties*, vigorouſly oppoſe any *Schemes* that may be form'd *againſt* our *Proteſtant Sovereign*, and his *illuſtrious Family*, leſt you ſhould come off with conſiderable Loſs.

Finally, *let none be diſcourag'd*, notwithſtanding the preſent ſituation of Things. *You who are of the tender Sex*, who cannot but *ſhudder* at the Proſpect of *War*, with its *direful Conſequences*, *be not afraid. Thouſands* and *ten thouſands will chearfully* yield up their *Lives*, rather than GREAT GEORGE ſhall be *dethron'd*, or *you* depriv'd of your *preſent Privileges*. Act *ſuitably* in your Stations, and let your *earneſt Supplications* be *daily* ſent up to Heaven for a *guilty Land*, and don't *ſink* in your Minds, but may you and *all* the Inhabitants of this *happy Iſland* conſider, that the LORD REIGNS.

Ye Inhabitants of SCOTLAND, however *juſtly reproveable* many of you were, for your Conduct in the late unnatural Rebellion; I hope the Eyes of ſuch of you are open'd to ſee your *Folly*, and are ready with the greateſt Reſolution to *oppoſe* that Cauſe, which you then ſupported with your Lives and Fortunes. What was it could induce

you

you to risk your All for a *Man* of *such Principles?* Had you a Prospect of living under a *milder Government?* Did you expect to enjoy *greater Privileges*, civil or religious? Would you have been *better protected* in your Rights and Immunities? Or was it the specious Pretence of *hereditary Right*, that led you into such mistaken Conduct, to incur the *just* Displeasure of the *best of* KINGS, and to forfeit the Regard of your Fellow-Subjects? See the Lenity of *that* PRINCE, who sways the Scepter in *Mercy*, as well as in *Judgment!* But *few* of your Brethren were oblig'd to give up that Life, which they had so *evidently forfeited*, and fall a Sacrifice to Justice. Your *Estates*, and all your *Liberties* have been continued; you have *equally* the *Protection* of the Laws with the *rest* of your Brethren; and the *Government* have acted in all Respects towards you, as if you had never given them the *least Ground* to suspect your Loyalty. Should not this then endear the *present Family* to you, engage you *heartily* in their Interest, and convince you of your *late Folly?* Were you *again* to encourage a foreign Enemy, or discover any *Disloyalty*, you would be chargeable with the *highest Ingratitude*, and could not but expect the Displeasure of your KING and COUNTRY. Open your Eyes, and be no longer *blinded* by the Friends of *Rome*. *Discountenance* every Thing you see that has a Tendency to disturb the Peace of our *Royal Sovereign*, and endeavour to *retrieve* that Reputation which you *so nearly lost* a few Years since.

I need not thus address the *Generality* of my Fellow-Subjects, inhabiting the *North of Britain*,

your

your Souls are full of *Loyalty* to the *Prince* GOD has *ſeated* upon the *Throne*. You are ever ready to eſpouſe his Intereſt, and defend his Government to the *manifeſt Hazard* of your own *Lives*. Witneſs the *late Rebellion*, the Reſpect you paid to the BRAVE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, the *many Prayers* your Miniſters put up for his Succeſs, and the *Readineſs* with which you enter'd upon every Meaſure, that was calculated to *cruſh* your own *rebellious Countrymen*, and *eſtabliſh* the Influence of the preſent happy Government. 'Tis pity that *one* of *your Church* ſhould differ from you in Principle and Conduct. Sure, *ſtrangely infatuated* muſt Perſons of the *Scotch* Profeſſion be, who lean to the *Family of the* Stuarts, and are diſaffected to the ILLUSTRIOUS HOUSE OF HANOVER! What, have you forgot the *Perſecutions* raging amongſt you in the *Reign* of CHARLES, *&c.* the *heavy Fines* your Fathers were under, the *bloody Maſſacres*, the many *tragical Deaths* of the *nobleſt* in your Country? Have you forgot how much *Chriſtian Blood* was then ſpilt, and how the *Perpetration* of theſe Murders were *ſupported* by the *Family* that *then* ſat upon the Throne? Is there any Thing in this to encourage you to *think favourably* of them? Conſider the *Obligations* you are under to GOD, for his *preſent* MAJESTY, under whom you enjoy all the Privileges of a *free* and *happy People*. Ye *Lovers of the preſent Govenment*; ſpread the Principles of *Loyalty* and *Affection* to your *worthy* KING. Let your *Youth* be carefully inſtructed in the true Principles of *Engliſh Proteſtantiſm*, and therefore be early taught a *loyal Obedience* to our PROTESTANT PRINCE. See that *thoſe* who

have

have the *Care* of your Children; be ſuch as are *well attach'd* to the *preſent Family*; and may your UNIVERSITIES be fill'd with *ſuch* as may not only *ſtand up* with a becoming Zeal for that holy Religion you Profeſs, but *encourage* and *promote Loyalty*, wherever they come. And may you all in the preſent Situation of Things, give *freſh Inſtances* of your *Zeal* for your SOVEREIGN, and your earneſt Concern to have *one* of the HOUSE OF HANOVER to ſit upon the *Throne*, to tranſmit the Bleſſings of a *Proteſtant Government* to the LATEST POSTERITY.

Ye Inhabitants of IRELAND. You are *divided* from us by the Sea, but I hope not in *Affection*. We are Subjects with you, under the ſame GLORIOUS PRINCE, and we wiſh you the Continuance of all the Bleſſings which you and we at preſent enjoy. Your *Loyalty*, ye *Friends of* KING GEORGE, your *Loyalty* has been diſtinguiſh'd upon a *Variety* of Occaſions, and your Concern to prevent the ſpread of *Bigotry* and *Superſtition*, and to *eſtabliſh* the generous and humane Principles of the *Proteſtant Religion*. Go on in the Execution of thoſe *laudable Schemes*, which you have enter'd into, and may *Heaven* continue to *diſtinguiſh* your Land with an *uninterrupted Harmony* amongſt its Inhabitants, and an *encreaſing Trade* and *Commerce* to enrich them. How long has a *merciful* GOD made you his peculiar Care; and yet how *awfully* have you *felt* the Effects of *Popiſh Fury!* You cannot *forget* the *melancholy Years*, when your *Fathers* were cruelly and inhumanly *Butcher'd*, nor that this was in the *Reign* of the *Stuarts*. As we appear to be at the *Eve* of a War, in which *you* will bear

a Share as well as *we*; be not angry with me, if I juſt put you in Remembrance of the *Privileges* you have enjoy'd under the *preſent Family*, of which I am ſatisfied *many of you* are ſenſible, and, if I endeavour to ſtir you up to a *noble Zeal* in the Defence of *Proteſtant Liberties*, and *encourage* you under the Proſpect of whatever Calamities may be preſented before you. And to anſwer this End in ſome Meaſure, permit me to preſent you with a ſhort account of the dreadful MASSACRE in your own Country, taken from a late Author,—as follows.

" The *Earl of Antrim* and *Sir Phelim O Neal*, " who were at the *Head* of the *Iriſh Catholicks*, " having acquainted the *Pope's Nuncio*, and " ſome of the Prieſts about the *Queen*, how " eaſily they could aſſume the Government of " *Ireland*, and aſſiſt the *King* againſt the Pro- " teſtants. Letters were wrote in the *Queen's* " *Name*, and perhaps in the *King's*, *Authorizing* " them to take up Arms, and to *ſeize* the " Government. In the *firſt Deſign* of an In- " ſurrection, there might be no Thoughts of a " MASSACRE; but the *Iriſh Papiſts* were will- " ing to *extirpate* the *Proteſtants* out of that " Kingdom, before they could with Safety tranſ- " port their Army into *England*. And being " *govern'd* by the *Prieſts*, and *ſet on* by them, " they were guilty of the moſt dreadful Cruel- " ties. It is moſt reaſonable to believe, that " not only the *Queen*, but the *King himſelf* was " acquainted with the Inſurrection, *before* it took " Place. It appears too plain, that the *King* " knew too much of the Affair, or at leaſt was " *willingly ignorant* of the Progreſs of it. He

" was

" was unwilling to act againſt the *Iriſh*, and to " *declare them Rebels*, till he found they had " *overacted* their Part, and then he did it, but " *only printed forty Copies*, and not *one* to be " diſpers'd, till *further Orders*.

" The affair was diſcover'd at the *Reſtoration* " of *King Charles the Second*, when the *Marquiſs* " of *Antrim*, who had been at the Head of " the Rebellion, and whoſe Eſtate was confiſ- " cated, finding himſelf like to be excluded " the Act of Indemnity, came to *London*, and " before he could obtain Pardon, and have his " Eſtate reſtor'd, was oblig'd to *produce* in the " *Houſe of Commons* a *Letter* from *King Charles* " *the Firſt*, *wrote with his own Hand*, giving " him *expreſs Orders* to *take up Arms*.

" The Project of the Inſurrection was form'd " in the Months of *March* and *April*, 1641, " and executed *October* 23d following.—*No* " *Information* of it was given to the *Proteſtants*, " till the very *Night before* it was to take " Place, when it was too late to prevent the " Effects of it in the *Country*, and almoſt to ſave " the City of *Dublin* itſelf.

" On the Day appointed, between twenty " and thirty thouſand of the Native Iriſh, ap- " pear'd in Arms in theNorthern Counties, and " having ſecur'd the *principal Gentlemen*, and " ſeiz'd their *Effects*; they murder'd the com- " mon People in *cold Blood*, forcing *many thou-* " *ſands* to fly from their Houſes and Settle- " ments, *naked* into the *Bogs* and *Woods*, where " they periſhed with *Hunger* and *Cold*. No " *Ties of Friendſhip*, *Neighbourhood* or *Conſan-* " *guinity* were capable of ſoftning their *obdu-*

" *rate*

" *rate* Hearts. Some they *whip'd to Death*;
" others they *ſtrip'd Naked*, and expoſed to
" *Shame*, and then drove them like Herds of
" Swine to *Periſh* in the *Mountains*. Many hun-
" dreds were *drown'd* in the Rivers. Some had
" their *Throats cut*, others were *diſmembered*.
" With ſome the execrable Villains made
" themſelves *Sport*, trying who could *hack deep-*
" *eſt* into an *Engliſhman's Fleſh*. *Huſbands*
" were *cut to Pieces* in the Preſence of their
" *Wives*. *Wives* and *young Virgins* abus'd in
" Sight of *their neareſt Relations*. Nay, they
" taught their *Children* to *Strip* and *Kill* the
" *Children* of the Engliſh, and *daſh out* their
" *Brains* againſt the Stones. *Forty* or *fifty thou-*
" *ſand* were Maſſacred after this Manner in a
" few Days, without Diſtinction of *Age*, *Sex*
" or *Quality*, before they ſuſpected their Dan-
" ger, or had Time to provide for their De-
" fence! In a few Weeks, the Inſurrection was
" ſo general, that they took Poſſeſſion of whole
" Countries, *Murdering the Inhabitants*, *plun-*
" *dering their Houſes*, and *Killing*, or driving
" away their *Cattle*. Multitudes of poor diſ-
" treſſed Creatures and Families fled naked, and
" half ſtarv'd, firſt to *Dublin*, and from thence
" to *England* with *Death*, and *Deſpair* in their
" *Countenances*."

Learn, *my Friends*, *my Brethren*, learn from hence to value a *Proteſtant Prince*, and *Proteſtant Liberties*; and endeavour ever to maintain them at the Expence of *all you have* even of *Life itſelf*. See what a *Religion* that is, that leads to *Cruelty* and *Inhumanity*, and is ſupported by *Perſecution* and *Blood*. *Admire* the *Providence* that has

has kept you from the Ruin, that has been ſo often deſign'd you, and may your Hearts and Hands be *ever united* in promoting that *Cauſe*, that *alone* deſerves your *vigorous Support*, and will well *reward* its Friends, by giving them the Enjoyment of the moſt *invaluable Bleſſings*.

Thus, *my Fellow-Subjects*, I have endeavour'd to impreſs your Minds with a Senſe of *Duty*, and to ſtir you up to act with a noble Zeal in the Defence of your KING, and your LIBERTIES. If what I have ſaid is but a Means of anſwering this deſireable End, it will give a *peculiar Satisfaction* to him, who deſires ever to walk Worthy of that amiable Name

A PROTESTANT.

FINIS.

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